MURDEROUS HANNA

Graphic and Thrilling Sketch of the Man Who Detests the Progress of Any Man Who Labors.

A Greedy, Grasping, Sordid, Vicious Man of Business Whose Only God is a Pile of Glittering Gold.

Workingmen Cheated, Deceived, Shot Down, Plunderd and Vilified by This Atrocious Monster.

The annexed article was written for the New York Journal by Alfred Henry Lewis. The author was born in Cleveland and has known Mr. Hanna from his boyhood. At the age of 22 he was elected prosecuting attorney of that city. He is recognized as one of the most graphic and truthful writers in the United States:

Washington, Oct. 14.—This is to those who work that they may live and that without regard to craft or however their lines be cast. We stand mid-stream in the flowing tides of politics. It may yet be decided to which bank we will turn. To those who guess a future by a past, what follows may be worth a reading.

Finance as an issue is after all the nearest incident to the campaign. This is a war declared by the trusts and corporations, held together as some one has said, "by the cohesive power of plunder" on the liberties of free America; it is capital against labor, money against throbbing, sensitive flesh and blood. It is the bourse against the blouse; the company against the employe; Wall street against the farm; the counting room against the shop; the bank against the work-bench; the clink of the dollar against the clink of the sledge.

It is an old war; a war to rock every age. It was fought before history began it will be refought and fought again down to that last syllable of time when the earth goes out in darkness like a spark. It is the old foray of the slave-taker who has and who will hunt his prey, whatever the hour or place, whenever the law and the chance unite to purvey him a safe permit. There is nothing new in it; not even its methods. Men are being bullied and cajoled as of old; their votes are being mastered by threat of loss or promise of reward. Spies honeycomb the workpeople; threats are made to frame and fence them in. And should they dare to vote against the dictates of their masters and their masters' money, every arrangement has been made to cut them down.

This is a day when money strives to set the fashion, and by that fashion rule. It is being taught that it is better to be "respectable" than to be right. The best man is the best dressed man; so say the teachers of today.

And when a leader is found, if he cannot be bribed, he is immolated. Wat Tyler, four hundred and fifty years ago, led the men of Kent to London town to ask of the king a return of those rights which God had given and men with money had stolen away. The mayor of London spread a net of treachery and slew him. His lieutenants, Ball and Straw, were burned at the stake. And today history repeats itself. Capital still has Smithfields, still finds its assassins. ... the blades of its braves at the ... of a man's employment, now that ... no longer slash boldly at the hu... neck. It rears stake and piles fagot, ... with the torch of its lying burns his ... acter, now it cannot make proper ... ades of the man himself.

It may not thrust its sword through the breast of some recusant who, remembering that he is an American, will still vote as he sees fit; but it dismisses him from his trade, blacklists him in every black council and conference of capital, and makes that starvation which seizes on him and his little ones do the work of that sword which capital dared not draw. It is legal to starve, though not to murder, men; and there be those now moving heaven and earth for McKinley who recall the first as one of the dearest, as well as one of the oldest, rights of capital. It is called in the cant of money—this right to starve—"managing one's business as one sees fit."

I wonder if Washington foresaw the America of today with the Juggernaut of money making its crushing way over the prostrate bodies of men? I doubt much if he did, albeit the keener Jefferson foretold it more than once in his letters. Yet men should not yield to the tyranny of money. Oppression must be met, repression thrown back upon itself.

Nor should labor be discouraged by the workings of a bribe. Since the yellow sun was swung in the dome above to lamp and light the feet of men about their stumbling destinies there was never a Christ but had his Judas; and labor crucified need not look to escape a similar history.

II.

What a field is drawn up in this battle of politics The people on one side, Hanna with the trusts on the other side. What is a trust? It is a crime, a thing without the pale of law. Not a robber of them all but is a proclaimed wolfshead and outlaw by the terms of solemn statute. Why do they exist? Because a supple attorney general will not prosecute; because a court more supple still opens a back door of the law for their escape.

"How is this?" cry the Tories and the toadies of money. "You must not speak ill of the courts."

Must one not? It shall go hard, but these same courts shall be made to listen to something beyond mere talk before all is done. They shall yet listen to the constitution and the law of the land; enforce them or take the consequences.

"Must not speak evil of courts!"

The shout is as loud and the lackeyish horror as real as when those other Tories and money toadies and turnspits of tyranny raised the same cry to defend the red Jeffreys when in the "Bloody Assizes" he killed and quartered four hundred Taunton men in a week, and sent as many to plantation slavery. Honesty is the ermine of a court, and when it lays it off, a court is no court.

A TRUST'S OCEAN PROTOTYPE.

Today the trusts tear at our institutions. And men are asked to side and sympathize with these outlaws and defend them. One might as well be invited to the rescue of a rattlesnake. No ravening wolf raises his lone yell on the midnight hills, no panther skulking in the canyons of the Rockies to tear the throat of the foal by the side of its frightened mother, but has a softer, tenderer heart.

To the trust the sea ... is only prototype. Down in the caverns of the ... where crawls a cold creature ... Its heart does not ... its ... in its ... with ...

strong as strap iron, each on its under side a rank of mouths merciless to suck blood. The one impulse of this creature is voracity; the one motive blood. With these fiend-invented tentacles it clasps and binds its prey; while with the beak buried in its bosom, it sucks the victim dry like an orange. This fearful thing of beak and tentacle is called the devil fish. Those trusts of today, making the back bone of McKinley-Hanna battle, are its twin brethren of the land.

And Hanna too! I've had my say of him ere this. If he be of that tender excellence toward working folks which he declares and sycophants paint, let his deeds defend him, and his record speak. Hanna is worth $20,000,000; he controls $200,000,000 more. Robed in this wealth of power, what good has he done? To what door of want has he appointed relief? What stricken one has he uplifted; what orphan upheld? To what famine-bitten face has he brought the hue and rounded line of health?

Let the starved ones of Spring Valley say. Owner of a hundred coal mines, to what cold hearth has he furnished the fire-light of comfort? With a navy of his own has he saved lives? Ask of those skulls and skeletons of former sailor folk down deep on the bottoms, with the Great Lakes piled above. They were Hanna's sailors, swept overboard to drown like dogs. Why, man! when these poor sailor people asked at the hands of congress a law to paint the load line on these ships, a line which years ago English law and Plimsoll gave to English seamen, it was Hanna who headed a prompt lobby against it, and Hanna's money struck the measure down. Today it lies dead in those charnel houses of congress, the committee rooms; dead by the act of Hanna.

M'KINLEY'S DEBT FETTERS.

Hanna makes but one claim to charity performed; demands to be credited with but one act of benevolent grace. Hanna and his White House Syndicate paid McKinley's debts.

But when one pries into this generous gust of money-giving one finds that the $118,000 worth of McKinley notes are still preserved, unreceipted, by the syndicate, and undestroyed. They are not McKinley's yet. They are the chains and fetters which bind him to the will of this syndicate. They are the reasons—these $118,000 worth of promissory notes—why McKinley substitutes "gold" for "silver" in his ritual of finance, and bows tamely to this syndicate, a mere prisoner of debt.

McKinley's partner, Walker, signed these notes with the candidate. Will the syndicate one day push against Walker for their collection? If such comes he may have contribution from McKinley for his half, as one who was partner for profit as for loss. Why does not Walker tell the story of the McKinley-Walker failure? It was but three short years ago. Why does not McKinley tell it? If all was perfectly white, why does not Hanna tell it? or might not Hal Taylor the McKinley-Walker assignee, lay bare the facts? And why are the papers of the McKinley-Walker failure kept locked and keyed against all inquiry, while the tongue of every clerk who had aught to do with their custody is made dumb to your questioning?

"And this $118,000 to free McKinley," says Hanna, "was the spontaneous offering of a grateful people."

There is a gentleman named Rathbone, who lives at Hamilton, Ohio. He was a contributor to the "McKinley Fund" to pay that candiate's debts. He "contributed" at the "invitation" of the Hanna syndicate. Rathbone was thus spontaneous because, he says, he, like others, was promised political exile if he refused.

Let Hanna answer. What of this Rathbone story? And how many promises of office within and without the syndicate were founded on this fund to pay McKinley's debts, so "spontaneously the offering of a grateful people?" Or were we to understand in this instance that the people like Tallerand, were only "grateful" for the favors to come?

But why waste words? One might as well ask for the keys of a king's prison as for facts touching the payment of the McKinley-Walker debts from the Hanna syndicate.

III.

Qui facit per alium facit per se. The other day I went aboard a Hanna boat at Cleveland. Forward in the dark forecastle were huddled a group of his sailors. Vilely boarded, and bedded still more vile, no one would envy them.

Before this I've told how in the '80's Hanna beat down the Seaman's Union of the lakes; how he laid the axe of his greed at the roots and felled it; how he destroyed it as a structure, plowed and sowed its site with salt. Here were a handful of the Hanna sailors.

"What do you get?" said I.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, and drown and be damned in December gales," was the reply.

Twenty-five dolalrs a month, and idle a third of the year! Not much show for wife and chick, soul or body, on such terms as those. Fifteen years ago these men were getting $60 per month, and Hanna had made millions paying that wage. But rapacity dominated; he must make faster millions still, and he struck them down.

Hanna has 14 vessels furrowing the lakes today. For this piracy on his poor forecastle folk, as proper colors, the black flag should float from the forepeak, and the skull and cross bones flutter in the mizzen rigging of every one of them.

There is another fact of concern about these boats, and one which discloses the un-American methods of the Hanna company. Not one penny of American insurance is carried by these boats. Every one of them is underwritten in England. The aggregate insurance of the 14 is hard by $4,000,000 and British companies handle it all. Hanna gets his insurance where he gets his money system—from England.

A HANNA EMPLOYE TALKS.

About a month ago I received a letter which throws light upon the Hanna anxiety to foster the workingmen—an anxiety to which he is now bringing forward such witnesses as Peter Lynch, Power and Powderly to testify. The letter tells its own story. Its assertions have been fully sifted and the truth is decidedly with the letter. Here it is, letter, word and phrase as furnished me:

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1896.
... I was employed with the Globe Ship Building Company, of Cleveland, in which Mark A. Hanna has a large interest, and of which his brother is president. I was a riveter, and, with many others, was paid $3 per hundred for making rivets in the construction of steel vessels. From the fall of 1893 to the spring of 1894 the Hannas complained loudly of hard times and bad business, and here is the story of how they swindled us 350 workmen out of tens of thousands of dollars, aggregately: They—the Hannas—proposed to build a steel vessel and pay us a half our regular wage—viz., $1.50 per hundred for rivets, and the other skilled men proportionately—and to pay the other half due us when the vessel was sold.

There was nothing in writing and these 350 men, including myself, were cheated of this other half due us. The vessel was completed and operated by the Hannas and they owe me today more than $400, and there are 350 men, scattered among the lake ports who stand ready to testify to this high-handed piece of rascality in which Mark Hanna and his brothers were chief partners. This steel "freighter" which we built was known as the Globe, and is running on the lakes today. Alfred Smith was the foreman of the riveters on this job.

The Hannas also owned largely the stocks of the Chicago Ship Building Company, in South Chicago, of which W. I. Babcock is and was the president, and this ship company did the same rascally job with their men, in the building of the Kearsage at South Chicago as was done at Cleveland, only the "deferred" payment was made one-third instead of one-half.

At this present moment there is little or no work being done in the Globe yards, at Cleveland, and it is positively known that this concern has discharged its men by order of the Hannas to give political effect to their talk about the industrial stagnation now upon the country. There are several uncompleted contracts in the Globe yard at this moment, several boats being on the stocks half finished, which is conclusive evidence that the Globe company has plenty of work on hand, and that this unwarranted "shut-down" was ordered purely for its effect among the journeymen in the ship-building trades As another evidence that the ship-building industry is thriving today in Cleveland, the Cleveland Ship Building Company, a rival concern, is working a full force of men.

The men who handle Hanna's boats are the worst paid seamen on the lakes today, receiving but $25 a month at all seasons. Mr. Hanna's Globe yard, in Cleveland, pays the worst wages of any shipyard on the continent, laborers who do partially skilled work receiving 90 cents to $1.10 per day; first-class skilled "platers," "riveters," "calkers," "angle ironsmiths," "blacksmiths," "furnacemen" and "carpenters" are paid $1.75 to $2.25 per day in the Globe yards, while in the Cleveland company's shipyard, almost next door, the same labor commands $2.75 and $3 per day It is a generally conceded fact that the great mass of ship-building craftsmen will stand by the ticket which is to bring defeat to that syndicate of bondholders and self-seekers headed by Hanna, McKinley & Co.

You well know that should any of the Hanna henchmen get hold of any names of parties making such a statement as above that they would be hounded until their lives became a burden. You will therefore leave off the signature to this statement. Abundant corroborative testimony will be furnished you by addressing our brotherhood.

MEMBER B. M. & I. S. B.

The missive shown above is, in short, but a specimen brick. The story it tells is only a detail—only one setting in the mosaic of black wrong which makes up the Hanna treatment of workmen everywhere.

IV.

Those of us who are well fed, well garmented and well ordered, ought not to forget that necessity makes frequently the root of crime. It is well for us to recollect that even in our own law-abiding, not to say virtuous cases, the only barrier between us and anarchy is the last nine meals we've had. It may be taken as axiomatic that a starving man is never a good citizen.

With this in our mind, what shall be said of the man who arranges famine, who forces a labor strike with its privation, its rioting, its disorder, its bayonet thrusting, and its blood-letting as an incident in his money heaping? If necessity breeds crime, what is he who creates the necessity? Let me tell a chapter in the history of the Mark Hanna millions.

There are those who will recall the tremendous mine strikes of 1894. Blood flowed and the torch flourished. Buildings were burned, men were shot down. Women with their little ones were starved and bitten by hunger. Now as to the cause of the strike.

It was in the autumn of 1893. The weather was raw and chill, but the Hanna lust for money was as hot as ever. Hanna conceived a plan—a money inspiration. At his call there came to his offices in the Perry-Payne building, Cleveland, Ohio, the magnates of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio mines. They talked, considered and at the word of Hanna made this plot. It was a plot to bleed the public, and as a detail to throw thousands of miners out of work, and into want, and need, and sorrow.

Separating from this Hanna conference, those in the black pool repaired to their coal holes and put all the men to work they could sign. They mined coal day and night. They piled it up in ebon mountains. There were never so many at work in the mines, never so much to do. As the harvest of this break-neck digging and blasting and mining of coal, the pool, with Hanna at its head—even as he is now at the head of the McKinley syndicate, planning for a White House—stored in barges on the Ohio river over 1,300,000 tons of coal, while 683,000 tons were stored along the shores of the Great Lakes.

With these 2,000,000 tons of coal in hand—"up their sleeves," as runs the cant of the alleys—the trap of the Hanna pool was ready for the springing. The first step was to stop the production of coal; do it, too, so that the blame therefor would rest with the men and not with the pool. This was readily brought to bay as a proposition. The miners everywhere in the coal holes of the pool were cut and trimmed in their earnings. As if that might not be enough another cut was ordered.

In a moment the men were out, work was brought to a dead standstill, and the strike the Hanna pool had plotted for was on. Then the strike spread. Sympathy strikes were ordered along the whole line of mines as far west as Council Bluffs. The soft coal production came to an absolute end, and a coal famine set in.

Along with these things, of course, came the militia, and strikers who "needed it" were shot down or stabbed, or clubbed in an intermittent but decisive fashion as in such case made and provided. Meanwhile, like a spider in its web, the Hanna inspired coal pool sat back, biding its time. The strike might proceed, blood might flow, the tide of their profits was flowing in, and they must watch and take it at the flood, and so on to fortune.

Leap by leap, upward went the price of coal. The pool, hanging to their barge stored 2,000,000 tons, awaiting the Hanna word to sell. But Hanna did not hurry; the market was not yet ripe, the tide not yet at flood. Coal went up a dime, a dollar, two dollars a ton.

"Now!" said Hanna, and at the signal the pool unloaded its stored 2,000,000 tons and gathered to its coffers a round profit of $4,000,000. The pool's aim was reached.

It didn't take a week's space thereafter to settle with the striking miners. The pool had what it wanted, the miners' old rate was restored, and the coal holes were filled with those slaves of the lamp again. The above is a true story, and one which, over walnuts and wine, Hanna tells often to his friends as illustrative in a graceful way of the honesty and sagacity wherewith he conducts his business, and brings his fat millions to pass.

Let me tell you the dark romance of Spring Valley; that story of starvation, wrong and murder, and whereof the red of the blood then shed still stains the green of the grass. This story of Spring Valley is excellent as a side-light on Hanna; a man who all his life has done more than any other to degrade labor and sink it below the level of respectable. This is the tale with nought of varnish or veneer.

It was about a score of years ago when Hanna and the Vanderbilts—they who have lately given a $100,000 draft to the McKinley campaign fund—met with sundry others of their tribe in New York City and ... [illegible] ... to buy ... coal lands in Spring Valley, Ill., six miles west of La Salle, Ill., the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate bought 4,000 acres. Shafts were sunk, the coal veins opened, and coal production on these Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate lands began at once.

Among other matters incident to all this, a town was surveyed and built and named "Spring Valley." It might better have been called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," for such it proved to many an innocent woman and child before the Hanna love for work folk in this instance had expressed itself to exhaustion.

At the beginning the men employed in these Spring Valley mines were Americans of English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish stock. These men were as hard-working and industrious as any who ever wielded pick or wore candle at their hat bands. Down with the choke and fire damps they earned their perilous money, and their frugal, thrifty wives at home saved it. The miners, like the mines of Spring Valley, throve apace and prospered.

But this was too much for the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate, to whom the sight of a prosperous workingman had something maddening about it. They put their heads together and mapped out a plan. It was to be and do two things, this plan. It was to act as a safeguard against strikers, and it was to divert the penny-meagre stream of the miner's savings back to the company again.

And it was the poisonous beauty of the whole affair that the syndicate, whose sole purpose was to miserably swell its hoard at the loss and pauperism of the miner, should appear as one moved only by the most friendly and benevolent interest in the welfare of its working folk. The syndicate's scheme in a nutshell was to build and "sell" the miner a home on the installment plan.

In India there lives a creature, half bird, half beast, with the wing of a demon and the face of a fox, which for want of a better term is called a bat. Because it sucks blood and lives by nothing else, it is given the distinguishing epithet of vampire. All day it hides in the caverns or under dark cliffs, or in the shadows and darkness of the crumbling temples and fanes of that broken spirit-lost land. At night the activities of the vampire assemble themselves. Through the open casement of some bungalow it turns its flight. Its noiseless coming does not disturb the hammick-swung sleeper. The vampire, hovering above its victim, sets him to deeper slumber still with the cool insidious promise of its fanning wings. The sleeper never stirs, nor feels the work that's letting out his life. The blood flows and drips, the vampire drinks and feeds, until with the first gray rays of day, its blood taste for the moment satiated, the vampire droops heavily away, leaving the sleeper dead.

Such is the vampire bat of India, and such for very parallel of scheme was the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate's arrangement to build and "sell" its workmen homes on the installment plan. For insidious, soft and wool-foot treachery the game would have been worthy a Bengal tiger. The whole business mounted to this: It set a trap for the Spring Valley miner, and used wife and children as the bait and lure.

The Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate, owning the land, built cottages thereon. Then they put a price and fixed the figure. What had cost $400 was set at $800, and so in proportion, whether higher or lower. When a miner "bought" a house he didn't get a deed; he got a contract. The miner each month was to pay a certain sum, and at the end of every six months or a year he was to pay the interest on the whole sum, which, like the grass, had been growing night and day, and, unlike the grass, grew as exuberantly in January as it did in June.

When all was paid, principal and interest—which by the very price and the space of the payments, was to run and lengthen into years as a transaction—then the miner was to receive his deed. Do you observe the excellence of the method? The syndicate posed as the benefactor of the miner. The contract with the promise of a final home was a bond against strikes and a fetter to hold the miner in subjection to the syndicate. Every payment that was made was an extra rivet in the syndicate shackles of the miner.

In the hope of winning a final home shelter for wife and children many a miner bent his neck to the syndicate yoke. The installment plan took, and the Hanna-Vanderbilt cottages at double their value were readily taken by the miners. For a time all went fairly well. At the wages paid, with steady work, by economy and careful living and occasional stint, the miner met his payments and paid the monthly installments when ripe and due.

But the miners of Spring Valley were to fall upon a bad day. There was a sudden conscienceless cut ordered in their wages. This came at a time when they were well and safely within and under the installment plan dead-fall. The syndicate didn't believe there would be a strike. They argued that the "installment plan" would serve to hold the men, and that they would submit to the cut rather than lose their half-paid-for homes.

But the miners did strike. It was then the company called for state protection and retreated to that law which must ever hold towel and bowl when capital gets ready to open a vein of labor. The syndicate began the enforcement of a clause in the installment plan contract. It read that on failure of any payment, whether principal or interest, al bpayments before made should be forfeited, and the title to the property be clear again in the syndicate. So as incident to the strike came these forfeitures. The homes of the miners were swept away. They were driven from the mines and evicted from their cottages.

Passing over all the rioting and bloodletting and killing; the homeless women and children starving on roots and berries; the graves with their dead, all fruit of this strike, let us go for the next syndicate move. Having driven out the American miners, the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate began a systematic stocking of the Spring Valley mines with five different nationalities. They drained southern and eastern Europe for these human dregs. Hordes of Huns, Poles, Austrians, Italians and Lithuanians were imported to the Spring Valley mines. They were set to work in the shafts, while the families of these half savages were appointed to occupy the cottages from which the American miners had been evicted.

This last provoked an attack by the desperate American miners, houseless with their families, upon the imported paupers of the syndicate. There was more blood and more killing, and more house burning. Then the Pinkertons came down and earned syndicate money by clubbing and shooting the American miners now in hot revolt.

But let capital calm itself. The Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate won. It kept its Slavs and Huns in its coal holes. It retained the "installment plan" homes of the American miners. It exiled the latter into other regions. Then the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate tried to cut at the wages of the Huns and Slavs it had imported. Surely these serfs would solemnly submit. But no, even this worm turned and stung the heel of its oppressor. More strikes, more blood, more poor dead folk, more wan mothers with thin, starved children in their arms; more militia; more crime and disorder.

As an incident to this last strike these starved savages whom the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate had imported looted the syndicate store. No; the syndicate didn't lose. As a legal corrolary the syndicate sued the county and took judgment for something like $100,000 for the looting. Following the revolt of these Goths and Vandals the Hanna-Vanderbilt syndicate began a new importation. It brought negroes from the South. It is bringing them stil. This led to more riot and blood shed. At this point stands the case at Spring Valley today.

What a torch this story lights to illumine the Hanna love and care for workingmen! All this Spring Valley sorrow and woe, and blood, and death, and for what? To throw a few more dollars on those sordid heaps of money which the Hanna and the Vanderbilts have already amassed; to add one more poor, senseless, needless cypher to their bank accounts.

VII.

WHY DO I WRITE THIS OF HANNA? BECAUSE HE OWNS McKINLEY; STOPS AND STARTS HIM LIKE A STOPWATCH. BECAUSE HANNA IS THE NUMERAL WITH WHOM THE CYPHER McKINLEY COUNTS FOR EVERYTHING, WITHOUT WHOM HE COUNTS FOR NAUGHT. BECAUSE, WHILE McKINLEY'S NAME IS ON THE TICKET, IT IS HANNA WHO IS, SHOULD McKINLEY SUCCEED, TO BE THE TRUE PRESIDENT. BECAUSE WHERE A SITUATION IS A PLAIN CASE OF MASTER AND MAN, IT IS THE PART OF WISDOM IN EMPLOYING THE LATTER TO KNOW THE MASTER WELL.

It was months ago I published a sketch of Hanna. And because my opinion of him has not in the interim changed, the paper is today read by many more people, I here run it again. It may aid one to a better notion of a man who in his egotism seeks through power of purse to become dictator to the greatest freest nation of the world.

Hanna in person is broad, tall, carelessly clothed, and of a red, violent visage. His nature has all the force and lack of scruple of a torrent. He has a bushel of brains; coarse they are, but strong as a horse. One could make two McKinleys out of Hanna and have plenty of Hanna left. Once an object, Hanna pursues it relentlessly. In its chase he will overrun anything or anybody, and pay no more of heed to the right of another man a cow would to a cobweb. The mainspring with Hanna is not, "What is right?" but "what is wanted?" He does not what it should, but what he can, and consults intinct, not reason as he fashions a need.

Withal Hanna, like others of his turgid tribe, has dauntless courage. Lacking utterly in human sympathy, a king of selfish egotism, void of imagination, and the ability to put himself in another's place, possessing the trick of bulldogism, Hanna is cruel. What others suffer is of slight weight with him, for when he knows his utmost of their pain he knows but little. His nature has bars against knowledge of what others feel, and he overrides them with all the ruthlessness of ignorance.

Hanna loves money. Not for its yellow sake, as a miser might, but for the sway and power thereof; because he may make men crep and crawl and spring to do his word. This feeds his vanity, and he is vain with all of the vulgarity and ostentatious gust of a turkey cock—a fowl, by the way, he much resembles. Hanna is not so much a leader as a tyrant; drives men and is prone to oppress. What is weak he crushes from the merest instinct of destruction.

Being acquisitive, he made money early. Being on the rim of the great lakes, he found them a natural, broad field for his plowing and sowing and reaping. He will never have riches enough, he will never have power enough, and should luck hold until Hanna becomes a composite of czar and rothschild, with all the power of the one and the pelf of the other, yet will Hanna delve in the harness, tugging and striving for an increase of each.

Being from his youth about the lakes, Hanna has grown in much of his manner to be a fashion of water ruffian. There is nothing softening about a marine influence. It develops the courage, and, as in Hanna's case, makes men prompt and daring. But it grows no flowers in one's nature. It has let Hanna as rude, as hungry, as stormy, and withal as treacherous as the sea itself.

In his money getting Hanna's greed and volence have brought him in sharp collision with all who took a dollar from his hands. I was no defence, naught in their favor, that they had earned the dollar. Hanna's instinct was to clutch and keep, and he growled and grinned like a dog across a bone at every man to whom he gave up money. Hanna has fought with his coal miners and fought with his sailors. With his millions, his virility, his want of conscience, added to his native skill to drive and coerce and compel folk his way, Hanna has never lost one of these labor wars.

What is printed above is but a slight and half filled leaf from the hard story of Hanna and his conquest of men and money. The battle is now on, the lists stand open, the question at bay is plain. It is for the working people to answer with their votes in November whether the spirit of American institutions is to be beaten down, and Hanna methods are in its stead to find perpetuation in this land.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

SOUND MONEY.

A Former Secretary of the Treasury Throws Some Light.

The Penny Press is indebted to Judge Wm. F. Penfield, of Sanborn county, S. D., for the following, showing the attitude of Hugh McCulloch, the United States secretary of the treasury, under Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, found in Mr. McCulloch's book, "Men and Measures of Half a Century," in 1888, page 119:

"Although the double standard existed in the United States, the metallic currency of the country chiefly and throughout the west exclusively, from the time the bank was organized in 1834, to the discovery of gold in California in 1848, was silver. The capital of the bank was paid up in Spanish and Mexican dollars, and its reserve continued to be in this coin until it was sold for gold at a premium of about 3 per cent on Mexican dollars and 6 per cent on Spanish. I HAD BEEN A BANKER FOR FOURTEEN YEARS BEFORE I HANDLED OR SAW A DOLLAR IN GOLD, EXCEPT THE 10-THALER PIECES WHICH WERE BROUGHT INTO THIS COUNTRY BY GERMAN IMMIGRANTS. If Prof. Summer had been a banker at any time prior to 1848 he would not have gone so wide of the mark as he did in saying in the 1885 June number of the North American Review: 'We do not want or need silver as a circulating medium, and shall not abandon it, because we never had it.' WE DID HAVE IT, and sooner or later, we shall HAVE IT AGAIN, and without its being degraded. We are not prepared—the world is not prepared—for the demonetization of silver, nor can this preparation be brought about without the wiping out of a very large part of public and private debts. Debts contracted when both metals are used as money would be a burden too heavy to be borne when measured by a single standard."

He quotes the following from a speech at Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1865:

"By common consent of the nations gold and silver are the only true measures of value. They are the necessary regulators of trade. I have no more doubt that these metals were prepared by the Almighty for this very purpose than I have that Iron and coal were prepared for the purposes for which they are used. I favor a well-secured convertible paper currency—no other can to any extent be a proper substitute for coin."

On pages 249 and 250 he quotes from his report of 1866. After arguing against an irredeemable and depreciating paper currency, his aversion, he says:

"Very different from this is that gradual, healthy and general advance of prices which is the effect of the increase of the precious metals. The coin which is obtained in the gold and silver producing districts, following the course of trade and in obedience to its laws, soon finds its way to other countries and becomes a part of the common stock of the nations, which, increasing in amount by the regular product of the mines, and in activity by the growing demands of commerce, advances the price of labor and commodities throughout the commercial world. Thus the products of the American, Australian and Russian mines tend first to advance prices in their respective localities, but the operation of trade soon distributes these products and enterprises everywhere feel and respond to the increase of the universal measure of values. All this is healthful because slow, permanent and universal. The coin produced in any country will be retained there no longer than its productions and sales keep the balance of trade in its favor. As soon as it becomes cheaper (if this word can be properly used in regard to the standard of value) in this country in which it is produced, than in other accessible countries (adding interest, the cost of transportation, duties and other necessary expenses) than in that in which it is produced, or when it is required to pay balances to other countries, it flows to them by a law as regular and as certain as gravitation. Hence, although the precious metals are produced in considerable quantities in but a few countries, they affect the prices in all."

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